

1724

To the LADIES of
DUBLIN,
A
POEM.

To which is added,
Ierne's Answer to Albion.

^K
By a LADY.



DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, the Corner of Copper-
Alley, on the Blind-Quay. M,DCC,XLV.

To the LADIES of

DUBLIN

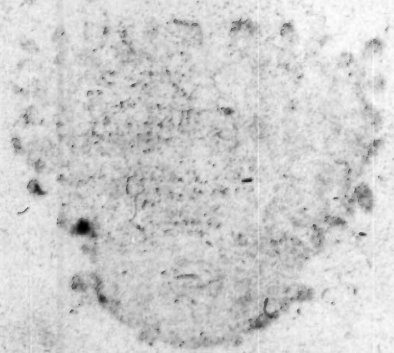
POETRY

To which



James's and Abington

Dublin



DUBLIN

Printed by James Haughey, at the Corner of
St. James's and Abington Streets, DUBLIN.

To the L A D I E S of

D U B L I N,

A

P O E M.

I.

T E L L me unthinking giddy Nymphs
Why thus you are array'd
In all the Trippery's of *France*
While *Irish* Trade's decay'd.

II.

Is this a Time (when you should shew
The utmost of your Zeal)
To wear your Nuns and Capuchines
Against the common-weal.

A 2

(4)

III.

The *Lace-man, Weaver, Glover*, all
Have now no more to do
Their helpless Infants pine for Bread
Occasion'd all by you.

IV.

Oh! how unlike the *British* Race
Or Amazonian Fair
When Liberty they saw at Stake
They shar'd themselves the War.

V.

How did the *Roman* Matrons save
Their Country, and their Laws
Their golden Dresses they retrench'd
To serve the public Cause.

VI.

Think then in Time e're 'tis too late
While you have Friends at Home
Nor with your Wealth enrich our Foes
And Purchase your own Doom.

VII.

Ne'er hope the patriot-Heart will stoop
To wear your am'rous Chain
Clad as you are in hostile Robes
The Liv'rys of *Duplain*.

VIII.

VIII.

Perhaps a different Scheme you form
Shou'd Monfieurs come to Town
You'll hang your Necklace on your Arm
They'll take you for their own.





I E R N E's

Answer to

A L B I O N.

SISTER, I sometimes have complain'd,
That all my Wealth by you is drain'd,
And you, as elder Sisters do
Have only flounc'd and look'd a-skew;
But if you'd have my Children fed,
Your Sons should not eat all the Bread.
You bid me now repine no more,
For S-----e treads upon my Shore.
Is he a God to sink or save,
Or must I act the fawning Slave?
He lands, and streight you Incense bring,
But I must see before I Sing.
You praise his Voice in Senates heard,
I think the more He's to be fear'd;
Your *Roman* and your *Grecian* Arts,
Are oft but Snares to catch our Hearts.

I know

I know his Genius shone from far :
 Perhaps 'tis but a Radiant Star,
 And what are Stars to hungry Swains ?
 'Tis Solar Heat rewards their Pains.
 The Patriot Spirit all revere,
 But how will that affect us here ?
 A Serjeant lov'd by all his Core'
 When once a Colonel's lov'd no more.
 But if your C-----D appears,
 Resolv'd to dry *Hibernia's* Tears,
 Not merely sent to ride in State,
 To scheme a Tax, or give a Treat,
 But gently to unbind our Hands,
 And bid us Trade to foreign Lands,
 To put *Hibernian* Garments on,
 And bid *French* Fopperies be gone,
 To make our fainting Artists smile,
 And live the Guardian of my Isle,
 S-----E must do what few have done,
 Must make our sep'rate Interests one,
 Then shall my Harp, and Bards in Choir,
 Sing CHESTERFIELD, *The Land's Desire.*

F I N I S.

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